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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
- SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
- THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
- FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
- FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
- SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
- SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

**Get Rid of Otis.**

The intolerable situation in the Philippines will continue so long as General Otis remains in command of the troops. There is no hope in that quarter. Criticism will only add to his obstinacy. He is above accepting advice. Encased in a shell of egotism against which every arrow of adverse comment breaks harmless, he is as confident of his own ability as he is unconscious of the storm his incapacity has produced. The President cannot be ignorant of the cyclone of disapproval that is sweeping over the country. He knows that it cannot be stilled by seeming not to heed it. The protests come from every section. The press, without regard to party, condemn the policy of inaction in the Philippines. The returning soldiers, many of their comrades victims of the delay, do not hesitate to denounce General Otis and to hold him responsible for the weak and purposeless campaign that has given courage to the enemy and brought the ridicule of the world on our army.

Knowing all these things, why will the President temporize with Otis? He must take the initiative. Incompetents rarely resign. He should supersede him with a general who will have the respect of the troops and who has the ability to convince the Filipino rebels that fighting is a serious business.

Whenever Aguinaldo realizes that it is the intention of the United States to soundly thrash him and establish a lasting peace in the Philippines the war will be over.

### NO MERCY FOR CHILD TORTURERS.

Mrs. Barberi is under arrest charged with cruel and inhuman treatment of her stepdaughter, Mary, aged nine years. One of the child's hands was scarred and crippled by a red-hot poker wielded by the brutal stepmother. The little one's body had many marks of the beatings she had received.

The Gerry Society is prosecuting the case. Magistrate Moss was so impressed with the child's statement that he held the woman for further examination. He denounced it as one of the most shocking cases of brutality that had come under his observation.

These savage, inhuman child beaters must be severely punished whenever caught. So many of them escape detection. Vicious mothers and fathers torture their children and frighten them into silence. For every case reported there are hundreds that never reach the courts.

Mrs. Barberi's sex should not entitle her to mercy. A long term in prison will put the fear of the law into her heart if it does not soften her cruel nature.

### OUR VEGETABLE POOR RELATIONS.

The discovery of Dr. Bra, of Paris, that there is a close analogy between cancer and some of the diseases of wood may have important consequences. Dr. Bra has inoculated trees with cultures of human cancer and developed spots of dry rot. One elm tree died of the disease so communicated.

Darwin established the intimate relationship between trees and men, animate and inanimate growth. The fact that vegetable food is transformed into animal tissues and that plants can be nourished with animal matter is a familiar illustration of this affinity. Vegetable remedies will cure diseases of

animals and vegetable poisons will destroy animal life. Some philosophers think that plants have souls, and that in the next world we shall see the spiritual forms of the trees and flowers that have been our silent companions here. Without going so far as that, science in the next century will doubtless have many startling revelations to make about our relations with our humble kinsfolk the plants.

### TOM PLATT'S POWER.

William McKinley is President over 70,000,000 people, but he could not appoint a Secretary of War without the consent of Thomas C. Platt. When Mr. Elihu Root was decided on as Alger's successor the President sent for Platt and asked him if it was agreeable to him. Platt graciously gave his consent and the appointment was made.

Theodore Roosevelt is Governor of the great State of New York, but he could not decide on an extra session of the Legislature to grant relief to tax-dodging corporations without consulting Platt. At this moment he is the guest of Platt at the Oriental Hotel. It is understood that they will decide among other things what the future course of the Mazet Committee will be.

The Republican party of this State and nation should contemplate this spectacle with pride. The most notorious political boss in this country, a manipulator of elections and a legislative lobbyist, holds the whip hand over President McKinley and Governor Roosevelt. They not only accept his dictations, but actually seem to enjoy the mastery he wields over them.

### THE ERA OF BUSINESS GIANTS.

The Pressed Steel Car Company is a trust. It manufactures practically all the steel cars used on railroads. Its various plants have a capacity of 2,500 complete cars per week. Controlling as it does all the patents on steel cars, it has monopolized the business.

This company has just closed a contract with the Carnegie Steel Company for 1,000 tons of steel plate a day for ten years, which would amount to fifteen million dollars annually, or an aggregate of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

What an extraordinary thing it is that one trust can give such an order as this, and that the Carnegie Steel Company can handle it without interrupting any of its vast orders in other lines of trade!

It is not surprising that there is no possibility of return to the individual small manufacturer when trade conditions are as shown in this steel contract, which will require the continuous labor of thousands of men for ten years to fill.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF OLD AGE.

In another column appears a touching letter from an old man, appealing for employment on any terms. There is certainly something wrong when one who has spent a lifetime in honorable service to society cannot even find a chance to earn a living in his declining years.

There can be no doubt that in earlier periods much more respect was paid to old age than has been shown of late. Read old Homer, and note the deference that was considered the due of Nestor, simply on account of his age. The reason is obvious enough: It was because old men then were the experienced and hence the wise men—therefore those whose advice was important to all younger men. But all this has now changed on account of our printing and our literature—now many young men by studying books are notoriously much wiser than many old men, and hence the feeling for the aged now prevalent is not deference and respect, but—pity.

It is a shame of our civilization that it does not properly provide for our old men and women who have given their best years to the service of their fellow men, and who finally are left to die in poverty. But our correspondent's case is even stronger than usual.

Here is a man "seventy-two years young," as he puts it, "a wide-awake man, capable in many directions, who himself used to employ men," and who now wants any employment to save him from starvation, which employment he thinks he can fill "better than many a young man." Now, for such a man there surely should be an opening. Indeed, we need such old men even now, and we shall increasingly need them during the next century.

Have you ever thought of this, that old age ought in some departments of human activity, and those the very highest, to be the best period of a man's life? The purely intellectual life of a man should be at its highest at the age of seventy. Our principal trouble at present is this, that during this nineteenth century "hustling" has been most in demand, and hence youth has borne away the prizes and left little room for pure intelligence and

## A STRIKE THAT WILL SUCCEED.



old men. But we are very sure that in the twentieth century it will be different. Then advisers, teachers will be needed, and no men are so fit for teachers as old men.

That old men can do some of the greatest work of the world—in fact that only they can do the greatest work—has been repeatedly shown in the history of the world. We need only refer to the work in this century of Von Moltke, Bismarck, Gladstone, and the aged Pope, Leo XIII. And it should particularly be noted that the French philosophers who in the last century prepared the French revolution—Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and others—were old men, while the leaders who were called upon to realize their ideas and to carry on the great revolution were all young men of thirty or less. This fact by itself explains its failure. Old heads might have saved it.

The fact is there are some lines of human activity—like philosophy, and especially statesmanship—where no amount of reading, but only experience, will give wisdom. And these are just the lines that will be all important during the coming century. In these lines "intellectual, wide-awake old men" will be much more valuable than any number of young men, and when they are found corresponding respect and deference should be paid to them.

No one knows, probably, how much our country owes to the old age of Jefferson and Madison for having helped our statesmen to steer the ship of state in the right direction. It was old men that accomplished the unification of Germany and of Italy.

Unlucky will be the country that does not want to sit at the feet of its intelligent old men and learn wisdom.

Let us remember that we are on the threshold of the greatest of all centuries, when our still imperfect civilization perhaps may be made perfect.

There are great crises before us. We do not say that in these crises old men should be our leaders, but they should be accepted as the teachers of our leaders.

Look at Liebknecht, the venerable socialist of Germany! Ask him if now he would wish to have been the leader in a violent revolution in his country twenty-five years ago!

There are many old men among us to whom the coming years should be the happiest period of their life—the reward of a previous lifetime of penury, of suffering and of high thinking!

### PERFECT THE HOSPITAL SYSTEM.

Mr. G. Hunt Morgan, of No. 102 West Seventeenth street, in the course of a very intelligent letter on the abuses of dispensaries and free medical service, observes: Why does not the Journal endorse a plan of taking from the wealthy private institutions the appropriations, and with this money build public hospitals that would reflect credit upon our city? Is not this in line with municipal ownership of railroads and telegraph lines, as advocated by the Journal?

The suggestion is an excellent one. Glasgow has public hospitals, including some for contagious diseases, in which it is said to be really a pleasure to be sick. Every progressive city in Europe takes pride in the beauty and scientific perfection of its free hospitals. New York can take the lead if it will.

### Is There No Work for an Old Man?

Editor of the New York Journal: Is it possible for a man "seventy-two years young," as George Francis Train puts it, to find anything to do in or out of this city whereby he can keep from starving? The writer is the man referred to. Suddenly thrown out upon the world, to find all his old friends dead, he is faced with starvation. Now, he is a wide-awake man, capable in many directions, and anxious for work in any one of hundreds of positions he could fill. Will do anything honorable for his keep and a trifling wage for small needs, and do it better, too, than many young men. Must such a man starve in this great city? He knows that there are charity mongers here, but he prefers starvation to their chilling ministrations. He doesn't want charity, but employment, and anything that he is able to do he is willing to do. He has employed men; now he seeks to be employed, knowing that he will satisfy his employer as a useful, all-round, handy man. Good reference. New York, July 6. EAGER.

### How the Democrats Can Win.

Win. R. Hearst, Editor of the New York Journal: Dear Sir—Eager out: Alger out: Otis going. Keep up the good work. McKinley has lost the confidence and respect of the American people. Put Dewey at the head of the Democratic ticket and drop the 16 to 1 measure and McKinley will never know he was in the race. Respectfully, New York, July 20. WILLIAM O. WOLFE.

## A NEW ARTIST FAMOUS IN PARIS.

LEONETTO CAPPILLO'S VIEW OF POPULAR WOMEN.



Ideas of French Actresses, by Leonetto Cappiello.

"HERE is a new artist," writes Marcel Prevost, "a novel vision of feminine types, a new manner of translating by pencil and brush an impression of art."

The artist comes from Italy, where he is flourishing at this moment the renaissance of everything. 'Cartoonist' applied dryly to Leonetto Cappiello, would not be just. He is not bent upon the grotesque; he does not exaggerate the ungraceful traits of a face in order to provoke laughter.

"I am sure that he sees woman as he represents her. He sees the contours, the traits, the structure in the characteristics that make them special, different, original. He is struck by that originality, and this is truly curious and notable—sees it exclusively of what in every individual is normal, average, common."

"One might say that the visual apparatus of Cappiello is exactly the contrary of a photographic apparatus. He expresses only what photography may not express—the speciality of a face. At times he catches a face in an instant of emotion, of passion, and fixes exactly the particular deformities that emotion and passion impress on that face."

"The result is a sort of tragic grotesque, at once laughable and disgusting—Sarah Bernhardt in 'Camille,' Rejane in 'Georgette Lemoine.' I do not think that any one ever surprised better

the fugitive expressions of the mind. Such is Cappiello's visual gift. His process has a disconcerting simplicity. Usually it is an outline—Cassive in 'The Girl from Maxim's.'"

"But that outline is so precise that it makes one comprehend the relief in the features. Sometimes it is accompanied by slight quasi-geometrical indications—Marquette Sully in 'Veronique.' Never more, and that is enough."

"I repeat it. Here is a curious, new art expression. I have the conviction that Leonetto Cappiello is to take a separate place among contemporary draughtsmen—a place more or less important, but elevated surely. His gifts are rare, and he is, at the same time, anxious to attain perfection. I am happy to designate him to the multitude of the passers-by, but they would have remarked him without my aid."

The colors in Cappiello's work have the affected simplicity of the ancient 'Books of Hours.' They have their vividness. He is not really indifferent to the pottery of our ancestors, to the blackened portraits and to the large plaques that deck walls of old homes. They have given fantastic ideas to him and provoked in his head dreams odd, absurd and charming. He has his visions. He has excelled in them the pretty imagination for details and for style that embellishes life.

Deliberately, he refuses to be like others. If this he is not very skillful. No; and his method lacks exactness. But a method, simple as it may appear, is difficult when it is not habitual. And what method may one have at the very beginning of one's fame as an artist? Think of the nerves, bones and muscles that one must govern in order to raise one's little finger. Barwin, who was a sagacious observer, marvelled at the fact that children can laugh and weep. He wrote a big volume to explain it.

Cappiello is trying to do alone, at once, what generations of artists imitating one another since the day when a man in a cavern engraved a mammoth on a shell have attempted vainly. Cappiello does not conceive of a visible thing being intangible. That makes him admirable.

He wants to reproduce the first impression that a face makes upon an artist's mind. It is the artistic impression. It comes, it vanishes. The more he studies his model, the less the artist may be able to regain that first impression. But Cappiello tries to regain it, and see how heartily it is the critic's desire to praise him for his intention and to encourage it in him. If he succeeds, his work will be a record of appearances only; but what does the man of science and in his microscope? Appearances only. "We are vainly agitated by lies," wrote Euripides. HENRI FENE DU BOIS.

## BRILLIANT SAYINGS OF INGERSOLL.

A FEW APOTHEGMS BY THE FAMOUS AGNOSTIC.

INGERSOLL'S speeches, lectures and letters are filled with brilliant apothegms. Here are a few of them:

### NAPOLEON.

I WOULD rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the autumn blossoms of the Autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

### REFORMERS.

I SHALL not become charitable and just, when we know that every act is but condition's fruit; that nature, with her countless hands, scatters the seeds of tears and crimes—of every virtue and of every joy; that all the base and vile are victims of the blind, and that the great and good have, in the lottery of life, by chance or fate, drawn heart and brain?

### A CHILD'S LAUGH.

STRIKE with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and clear, blow until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit vines, and charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discord all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy!

### SELFISHNESS.

I DO not see how it is possible for a man to die worth millions of dollars in a city full of pain, where every day he sees the withered hand of want and the white lips of famine! I do not see how he can do it, any more than he could keep a pile of lumber on the shore where hundreds and thousands were drowning in the sea.

### FASHION—BEAUTY.

I AM a believer in fashion! It is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful and attractive as she possibly can. "Handsome is as handsome does"; but she is much handsomer if well dressed. Every man should look his very best. I am a believer in good clothes. The time never ought to come in this country when you can

tell a farmer's daughter simply by the garments she wears. I say to every girl and woman, no matter what the material of your dress may be, no matter how cheap and coarse it is, cut it and make it in the fashion. O daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves—if you would be adored, be beautiful.

### RIGHT AND WRONG.

EVERYTHING is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery. What can increase the happiness of this world more than to do away with every form of slavery, and with all war? What can increase the misery of mankind more than to increase wars and put chains upon more human limbs? What is conscience? If man were incapable of suffering—if man could not feel pain—the word "conscience" never would have passed his lips.

### FEAR.

FEAR paralyzes the brain. Progress is born of courage. Fear falls upon the earth and prays, courage stands erect and thinks. Fear retreats, courage advances. Fear is barbarism, courage is civilization. Fear believes in witchcraft, in devils and in ghosts. Fear is religion; courage is science.

### POWER, GOLD.

IT is better to be the emperor of one loving and tender heart—and she the empress of yours—than to be the emperor of the world. Gold impoverishes. Only the other day I was where they wrench it from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains treeless, shrubless, flowerless—without even a spear of grass—it seemed to me that gold has the same effect upon the soil that holds it as upon the man who lives and labors only for it. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren, without a flower of kindness, without a blossom of pity.

### LOVE.

LOVE is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart; bulwark of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of com-

mon clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it earth is heaven, and we are gods.

### ART AND MORALITY.

ART is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indication. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. Art civilizes because it enlightens, develops, strengthens, ennobles. It deals with the beautiful, with the passionate, with the ideal.

### POETRY.

THE greatest poet is the one who selects the best, the most appropriate symbols to convey the best, the highest, the sublimest thoughts. Each man occupies a world of his own. He is the only citizen of his world. He is subject and sovereign, and the best he can do is to give the facts concerning the world in which he lives, to the citizens of other worlds.

### VIVISECTION.

VIVISECTION is the inquisition—the hell of science. All the cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

### Send a General to the Philippines.

Editor of the New York Journal: History repeats itself. A short time before the declaration of war with Spain a gentleman from West Virginia sent President McKinley a box of sand. The supply was not equal to the demand. More sand is needed. A general of the Phil Sheridan stripe is needed in the Philippines. A general who will keep the enemy on the jump and send them "whirling" into the Pacific. We had a General Banks and a General Butler during the Civil War. Their accomplishments are matters of history. Nothing but the useless loss of life. Will the campaign of Luzon end like the Red River campaign of the Civil War? Will General Otis be "bottled up" like General Butler at Bermuda Hundred? What have the shuttlecock and battle-drum movements of the army in the Philippines amounted to? If we must have war for the subjugation of the rebels, let it be a war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. A vacillating policy is a waste of human life. Act! Act promptly! If we have a general of the Phil Sheridan type, send him to the Philippines. We have had enough of Hunt, Henshaw and Haddock. VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.